## A Digger Indian Fandango.

"Would you like to attend the dance to-night at the rancheria of the Indians?" said a gentleman to a friend and myself, as we loitered in one of the small towns in Northern California. Now, having been informed of the dance during the afternoon by no less a personage than the chief of the rancheria, we had stopped over night for the purpose of witnessing the same; and right happily were we to be joined by a gentleman who was thoroughly familiar with every point of interest in the neighborhood, and who was well known to many of the Indians themselves.

From the barking of the dogs and the wailing of a squaw we knew that we were now in the midst of the rancheria; and Indian forms flitting about the "sweat-house" informed us where the "fandango" was to be held. This house had been built of strong poles and branches ingeniously fastened together, and was in the shape of an inverted bowl, being about forty feet in diameter at the bottom, and tapering to the size of a center-pole at the top. The outside being covered with earth to prevent the escape of the heat, and there being neither windows nor doors, the appearance of the whole was like that of an old-fashioned bake-oven; and the simile was not inappropriate, as we afterwards learned.

Under the escort of Capt. Jack, to whom we were each required to pay fifty cents, we crawled rather than walked through the small aperture on one side, and, having gained the interior, we were assigned a bench immediately in front of the fire. It was now about ten o'clock, but the dancing was not yet begun. About 150 Indians—the males and females mixed indiscriminately—were lounging around the edge of the house, and, save the bench upon which we were seated, not a single article of furniture was seen. Upon hooks projecting from the wall were hung blankets, beadwork, bows and arrows, canes, slippers, and other convenient and fancy articles, while the various costumes to be used in the dances gave the whole the appearance of a well-stocked bazar. The only light of the place emanated from the huge wood-fire which burned on the ground near the center of the house; and during the entire evening a decrepid old Indian, who had been detailed for the purpose, kept piling on fuel until the spectators on the bench, and the Indians themselves, were well nigh roasted.

### THE MUSIC.

It was already late when the dancing began. The orchestra was composed of about a dozen braves; and these, with their instruments of torture, huddled together near the pole in the center. In the book "Between the Gates," a Chinese orchestra is described as a combination of ticks, and chicks, and jingles, and squeaks, and tinkles of bells, and a frog and locust interlude, and emaciated fiddles, with a roar of gongs and clash of cymbals added; while elsewhere the music of the Digger Indians is described as a deafening uproar like that produced by a thousand cross-cut saws filed by steam power, or innumerable pigs caught under a gate, or a multitude of tom-cats lashed together and flung over a clothes-line! But neither of the above descriptions will do justice to the music which broke upon our ears as the signal was given—for soon were distinguished notes and pauses in accordance with the figures. Each member of the orchestra contributed his share of the noise by striking a split piece of wood against his knee or arm; and this was accompanied by a plaintive wail, now low and subdued, again loud and forcible, as the occasion demanded.

Simultaneously with the commencement of the music the dancing began. A dozen or more squaws glided barefooted into the center of the ring, and, after circling the fire on tiptoe two or three times, glided away as unceremoniously as they came. Probably the second and last dances were the best of the evening, and a short description of each is herewith appended. Previous to the commencement of the second dance, which an Indian informed us in broken English was called "the squaw dance," the ten squaws changed their apparel and donned their costumes in full view of the audience assembled, and then formed in a line between us and the fire. The dresses must have been owned by the community in general, for they were exactly alike in every respect, and, when the dance was concluded, each was returned to the hook from which it had been taken.

### THE SQUAW DANCE.

The body of each dress was made of black calico, with red and white scollops below the waist, and also at the bottom. An abalone belt fitted tightly around the waist, and four long streamers from the back and breast waved to and fro with the body. On the head was a cap, which in shape was not unlike a huge crab; and starting from the top of this was another streamer, which extended even to the ground. Each of the squaws held a horse-tail in the right hand, and four had peculiar wooden whistles in their mouths. The dancers varied in age from the young girl in her teens to the grandmother of the tribe; and a stoical indifference to pleasure or applause was manifested on every face. During the dance the feet were never wholly lifted from the ground, and the motion was a sort of shuffling "hobbledehoy"—the dancers now supporting themselves on the heel, now on the toes—now turning around and around—now following the leader with a snail-like pace around the fire. Every few minutes, without the least sign, the beating of the sticks and the humming of the musicians would suddenly stop, and then, by way of applause, the old Indian by the fire and one or two others would utter a sound which was a sort of cross between a groan and a yell.

After the dance had continued some time and the squaws had well nigh exhausted themselves and everybody else, they darted off suddenly into the passage leading to the aperture by which we had entered; and thereupon a single brave, with his face painted and almost naked, appeared in front of the audience. Holding a drumstick in each hand and a whistle in his mouth, he danced to the spot where the squaws were assembled; and these, following him, two by two, twice around the fire, were dismissed to their seats, and the squaw dance was over.

### THE DEVIL'S DANCE.

Other dances followed in quick succession. The fire was made to burn hotter than ever and the heat was almost unbearable. A single hole in the roof served as an outlet for the smoke, but through this outlet the smoke was in no hurry to go. The atmosphere, breathed over and over by every Indian in the place, was poisonous itself; and reeking with carbonic-acid gas and charcoal-fumes it was moistened with human perspiration. The fire heated the passions as well as the body, and the uproar became greater. Two braves now appeared before the fire, and a grunt of satisfaction indicated that a climax was to be reached. One was small and agile, but as tough as a tiger; the other showed a symmetry in form and proportions such as we had seldom seen equaled. Save a few feathers in the hair and a girdle around the loins, each dancer was naked, and their muscles stood out like great lumps on their bodies. The music beginning, they shot like race-horses twice around the fire and then pausing for a moment they set to their work. They jumped; they yelled; they beat the ground with their feet; they tossed their arms aloft; they beat their head to their knees; they threw their bodies into contortions; they danced like devils in human form. But such exertions could not last forever. Nature asserted a limit and beyond this physical endurance could not go. The dancing became slower and the music more subdued. Suddenly, when pity had taken the place of excitement and performers and spectators were alike gasping for air, the music stopped with a triumphal crash. Then, the aperture being opened, the two braves vanished into the open air and the "fandango" was over. And when Capt. Jack in his broken English had told us that it had been a "heap big dance," and we found ourselves once more under a clear, open sky, we no longer wondered that the Digger Indians are placed lowest in the scale of civilization and that they are doomed to extinction as complete as that of the Narragansetts of New England, whose language and monuments can not now be deciphered.—*A. B. Whitehill, in the Chicago Tribune.*

## Locomotive Engineers.

A practical engineer says, through the Detroit *Free Press:*

So much has been said of the dauntless courage and self-sacrificing heroism of locomotive engineers, as displayed during the few seconds intervening between the discovery of immediate impending danger and the actual occurrence, that it has become the subject of much annoyance to our profession. During my experience of over ten years as engineer of both slow and fast trains, on various prominent lines, there has never been, to my knowledge, one accident where the presence of an engineer on his engine, after certain acts have been performed (unless as a precaution of personal safety), was not the height of foolhardiness, and this in justice to all concerned in the general result.

On a passenger train, after the air-brakes are applied, the engine reversed, and the sand-lever open, the presence of a whole cabful of cool-headed, experienced engineers would not alter the result one single bit. Now as to the "eagle-eyed hero" who has so many lives at his mercy in times when mortal danger stares his train in the face. What is the man there for, if not to use every possible exertion to avert impending calamity? Is it not the intention of his superiors that he shall take the train safely to its destination, and in passing over his run to use every known precaution for safety? We are familiar with and use daily methods for safety unknown to the public and not definitely provided for in the regulations of the company. An engineer who would abandon his engine at the first sight of danger, without having first used the means at his command to lessen the result, would (save in very exceptional cases) be hooted out of the country. From the very earliest stages in the apprenticeship of an engineer, it is daily brought to his notice that the correct and proper thing to do in all cases where a sudden stop is required, is to reverse and open the throttle, using sand to keep the wheels from slipping, and in his usual work on local freight trains he has it continually in use before him, while doing switching, etc. Thus long before he becomes a passenger engineer it is second nature to him to adopt this method when occasion demands. In addition to this means all passenger engines are provided with air-breaks, and their application becomes from frequent usage quite as mechanical under all circumstances as in the previous mentioned means provided. It takes much less time than those uninitiated can imagine to accomplish all that is possible for an engineer to do to stop his train; a very few seconds suffice, and nearly always he has ample time to jump and save himself from quite probable injury. We who are daily liable to be subjected to the requirements know the uselessness of running unnecessary risks, and how few are the thanks we receive from our employers when (and they are the ones we are most concerned in keeping on the right side of), perchance, one of our number, by an error of judgment, suffers personal injury. If the truth were known, it is not quite freely accepted as a fact, after the usual means to stop have been made, many a good man has gone to his death by reason of being seized with a sort of paralysis, and being rendered helpless for the time being by the thought of the terrible calamity to follow. It is customary to tell the fireman to jump, and as he can in nowise assist in these emergencies, he usually escapes unhurt.

Occasionally on crooked roads collisions occur so suddenly that both men on the engine are killed without the usual few seconds' warning, and then it is customary to laud those killed as brave men who went to their death rather than desert their posts of duty, while in reality the poor fellows had only time to feel the sudden choking sensation always present when sudden mortal danger stares at us.

—The City of Boston opened its public baths on the 1st of June. The season lasts four months, the baths are 18 in number, and last year 646,200 males and 245 535 females availed themselves of eir advantages.

## Book-Farmers.

A few years ago the phrase "book-farmer" was used as a term of reproach. It was intended to refer to a man visionary, ignorant, unpractical, and, of course, unsuccessful. It was used by persons who believed that the art of farming could all be learned behind the plow, and that nothing remained to be known beyond what was already known by the most ignorant man who ever plowed a furrow. Now, it is a sad and serious truth that none think they know so much as they who know the least, and it has turned out that those persons who were used but a few years ago to scorn a book-farmer, or a farmer who read agricultural papers and books, have been more helped and benefited by these very studious men than they know of. In fact, they owe nearly all that they know to books and book-farmers, for if they have learned something from other farmers, and have adopted plans and methods and the use of tools and implements and seeds and crops from them, they have either directly or indirectly gained this knowledge from book-farmers, who learned it from books. There is nothing new under the sun, we are told. And book-farming is by no means new. Some persons are apt to think that the present age is the only one in which men knew much, and that the old times were scarcely worth living through, so ignorant were the people of those days. But this is a great mistake. There were no railroads or telegraphs in those times, and people were not so refined or cultured as we now claim to be, but so far as farming is concerned very much of what we know and practice now was quite commonly known then. Some of the highest arts of farming were practiced thousands of years ago. The merino sheep was at its best at the time of the Roman Emperors, whose royal robes of imperial purple were woven from the finest fleeces from Spanish merinos, which were carefully protected by coverings wrapped around the sheep. That old book-farmer, Virgil, teaches us the art and practice of the selection and breeding of seed, and our modern "pedigree" corn and wheat is nothing more than the practice of what he advised. In many things those old Romans could give odds to our best farmers, shepherds, cattle-breeders and feeders, horsemen, and even bee-keepers, and take the premium every time. After them certainly came dark ages, in which the arts of peace were lost in the midst of wars and bloodshed, but when men emerged from these the books, fortunately, were left, and there were some book-farmers then who read these books, profited by them, practiced their suggestions, and other farmers learned by the example of these reading farmers.

And so we come down to what we may call the modern age, that in which America was peopled; and in a measure we may claim it as our own age, because our country and people were planted and began to grow at the beginning of it. And if we go back to that period, the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, we may find not only book-farmers but books on farming in plenty. The farmer who flings a gibe at a book-farmer today may be told that it is to an old book-farmer that he owes the knowledge of clover as a farm crop; that the practices of drainage, of the rotation of crops, of green manuring, of summer fallows, of cultivating crops, of soiling cattle, nay of the very practice of ensilage, about which some person are at their very wits' end of excitement, as being something decidedly novel and worthy of the very highest consideration, because they have been experimenting on it—that all these and more, in fact, are all mentioned in old books, and moreover, that those persons who wrote about these practices were treated very much by farmers of that day as books and book-farmers are treated by some now. For it was nearly sixty years after clover was first described and recommended by an English author in a book on agriculture that it was tried in a small way, and then only after a second book was written about it and a prominent and wealthy landowner imported seed for distribution. We can easily fancy the farmers of that day joking about this new plant as the vagary of a book-farmer, and treating it as something to be despised and rejected because the knowledge of it came to them in a book. But the fact should not be lost sight of, because it goes to show that some things may be learned from books that never could be learned in the field.

But it may be said, Why lay so much stress upon this matter, now that we are learning better about it? To which might be replied, It is very well, so far, that farmers are discovering that some knowledge can be gained from books, and are frequently ready to sit on the fence of a book-farmer and watch his new methods and criticise them, and when he sees their value and advantages to adopt them; to beg some new seeds from him; to borrow the services of his breeding-animals and the use of his improved implements; all this is well, so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, for we would have every farmer to be a book-farmer himself, that is, to be a reading farmer, a studious and thoughtful man, and one that finds a delight in knowing all the ins and outs and the secrets of his business.—*Henry Stewart, in N. Y. Times.*

## A Place for Everything and Everything in Its Place.

Experience shows us that unless the habit of being orderly is cultivated in youth it never will be ours in mature years. The disorderly girl may be subject to spasmodic fits of tidiness, and at such times her closets, bureau drawers and boxes will be put in order, but as these attack are but temporary they are soon over and the old way fallen into again. Such a girl may be good and clever in many respects, but her want of order and system, besides being an inconvenience to herself, will also be, more or less, a trial to those about her. Girlhood is the time when habits are formed, and if an impulse to be orderly is followed then, it will grow upon us until it will become a second nature, and *disorder* will be a pain to us.

If, however, during these years we are careless, put things in their proper places if it is convenient, and if not leave them around for some member of the household to pick up and put away for us, we are doing ourselves an injury which, if not apparent now, will be when we have reached womanhood.

Some girls make their things last so much longer than others, and we wonder sometimes by what magic they can be worn so long without looking shabby. The reason is, that they take good care of them. Their dresses are brushed carefully and the slightest spot upon them removed before hanging them away, ribbons and laces are folded and laid away with care, gloves are mended when the tiniest hole shows itself, a button lost from a shoe is restored immediately, and "the stitch in time" keeps many a wardrobe looking fresh and new, which otherwise would become old and worn out if neglected from time to time. Girls! don't give way to self-indulgence and laziness in regard to your own personal belongings. If you have a desire to leave things around, or to put off mending a garment, because you don't feel like being tidy at the time, or in a mood for mending, don't yield to it, for every time you do you are strengthening the impulse to be disorderly, and are taking the steps that will influence your character for the whole of your future life.—*Christian at Work.*

## Flaxseed for Stock.

From all accounts, the amount of flaxseed sown this season is unusually large. In many places where the prospect for a crop of fall-sown wheat was poor, the ground was plowed up quite early in the spring and sown to flax. In some parts of the West, farmers sow flax on newly-turned sod for the purpose of preparing the ground for a crop of wheat the following year. It requires less labor to sow and harvest a crop of flax than to plant and gather a crop of corn, and many state that the ground is in better condition after the flax than the corn. Sod corn is not salable, but flaxseed always finds a ready market. The expense of marketing flaxseed is less than for any crop that can be raised on the same amount of land. It is generally worth more per bushel than any kind of grain, and it is manufactured in the West instead of in the East. In many sections the manufacturers of linseed oil furnish seed to homesteaders and other poor farmers with a view of securing their crop when harvested. The manufacture of this oil is very profitable, as the oil-cake sells for more than half the sum paid for the seed from which it is made. Nearly all of it goes to Great Britain, where its value for feeding to all kinds of stock is better appreciated than in this country. But little use is made of oil-cake or of ground flaxseed in the United States, except to feed to calves and milch cows that are in poor condition in the spring. Few have employed either of them as a part of the regular diet for stock, or for the purpose of preparing animals for the butcher. There is no necessity for extracting the oil from flaxseed before feeding it to stock. In fact, the oil it contains is the most valuable portion of it. Pure ground flaxseed, when fed alone, is too rich, but if mixed with meal, bran or shorts it is excellent for all kinds of stock. An experienced feeder recommends mixing one bushel of flaxseed with seven of corn and the same number of oats and grinding them together. There is no better feed for calves "brought up by hand" than boiled flaxseed and skimmed milk. It is the best substitute for fresh milk. A small amount of flaxseed should be fed at first, but the amount can be increased to a pound a day by the time the calves are a month old.—*Chicago Times.*

## Maintaining Meadows.

As a general thing, with land that is capable of fair tillage, I would not leave any one seeding to lie more than two or three years before breaking and tilling, so as to thoroughly overhaul the land, and then reseed it, giving it a change of crops and a change of condition which well agrees with almost any soil. But it is often the case, from one cause or another, that the farmer would prefer to let certain fields go to grass year after year, if its fertility and productiveness could be maintained. And it can be without any more outlay for manure than we would think necessary to apply to the same land if we were aiming to get from it a good crop of almost anything else. The trouble generally is that we think the grass ground can run itself, and the result is it runs itself out usually before we really bestir ourselves to do anything for it. But by applying manure judiciously to grass ground it will be likely to show better results than when used anywhere else on the farm. I should prefer to apply manure to any grass land in the fall, and at any time during the winter, but if deferred until early spring, use finer and better manure and more of it, and after spreading evenly as possible, drag once over it, then apply a light seeding of grass seeds and drag once or twice more, which will probably give very satisfactory results the same year. But for the future treatment apply the manure in the fall and winter, never minding whether it be fine or coarse, only if it is lumpy cuff them out with an old fork, so as to get it even over the surface, and if ever so coarse and strong, it will all settle to the ground, out of the way of mowing, and help wonderfully in keeping the ground moist and in favorable condition for the grass crop. It will be found most practical to apply this treatment on clayey and stubborn soils.—*Henry Ives, in N. Y. Tribune.*

—Lightning did terrible work at Cedartown, Ga., recently. In a double log house occupied by a family named Prince and another named Brazier, the bolt entered the roof and struck dead Mrs. Brazier, who was standing by the fire roasting coffee. Her neck was broken and her head split open by a piece of the mantel that was torn off by the lightning and hurled at her with terrific force. Mr. Powell, who was holding Mrs. Brazier's infant, was knocked senseless. Jeff Yancey, who was in the same room, was struck deaf. Mrs. Prince, who stood in the hallway between the two rooms, was instantly killed, and a hole was made in the floor under her feet as if a rifle-ball had pierced it.

—Col. Jones, of Cincinnati, is very odd. The way he does it is to get one boot blacked one day and the other the next. It tickles everybody.

—Some farmers do not know that seasoned fire-wood gives more heat than green wood. But that is the fact.

# Our Young Folks.

## A RUNAWAY TRUNK.

"No, sir," said John, determinedly, "we won't give it up if we have to go on foot."

"Well," said Fred, "I don't see any way, unless we do go a-foot, for we have only got two dollars between us and the fare to Portland is more'n two dollars apiece."

"Pete Ratestuff got over harder spots than this," said John, "and I know we can."

John Sheldon, a bright, quick-witted boy, of about fourteen, is the son of a well-to-do farmer of Oxford County, Maine. The other boy, Fred. Harding, is the village doctor's son, a few months younger. The two are excellent friends. They have been reading "Perilous Adventures of Pete Ratestuff, the Boy Sailor." Roused by the daring deeds and wonderful escapes of the hero, a mania to go to sea has fallen upon them. They think there's no good in asking their father's advice, so they are laying plans in secret.

John has learned that the fishing-schooner Brittomart sails for Newfoundland the 25th, and it is now the 24th. The two boys start from beneath the "High Top" sweeting-tree, in the orchard where they have been sitting.

"Ain't there no way to go on the freight train?" asked Fred, throwing an apple-core toward a chipmonk, chattering on the stone wall.

"No, I guess not," said John, thoughtfully. "But I've got an idea!" he exclaimed exultantly, crumpling up his old straw hat, and giving it an upward fling.

"Quick! out with it," said Fred.

"There's an old trunk of grandpa's up in the garret! Do you see, Fred? Chuck what we want in that, get in, and one of us goes as baggage! What do you say to that?"

"You've struck it!" exclaimed Fred. "Let's go at it. I'm in for that. Why you're as cute as 'Pete.'"

"We'll have to start in the morning," said John. "We'll have a gay time. We'll see a bit of the city when we're through our business with the Captain."

Not a doubt but that they could go as sailors had once entered their heads. Of course Captain Daly would take them.

It was decided that Fred should get leave, and come down and stay all night with John. He was to take with him what he wanted, and they'd pack what they could in the trunk.

A little after dusk, Fred came over, bringing his best suit, a lot of doughnuts, a small pistol, and his new base-ball, tied together in an old handkerchief. These, with some of John's possessions, were packed in the trunk, leaving not a very roomy place for a boy. Half a dozen or more air-holes were bored in the sides. All was ready for an early start in the morning.

The boys retired in good season, but not to sleep. At half-past eleven, John looked at his watch, for he had a pretty silver one given him at his last birthday. He said:

"Why, Fred, if you'll believe it, it ain't but half-past eleven."

The same was repeated at one, and again at half-past two. At three they rose and dressed, went softly down the stairs, and out into the cool, drear, September morning.

Each taking a handle of the trunk, they went toward the station, about three miles off. They reached the depot, as they hoped to, before any one was about.

It required some talking, on John's part, to persuade Fred that he, being the smaller, ought to go in the trunk. There was just room for him to curl down on his side.

He got in, John shut the cover, locked the trunk, and sat down beside it.

"How d'ye feel, Fred?" he asked, at length.

"Kinder boxed up," said Fred. "There ain't no room to spare."

Soon the depot was opened.

John bought his ticket, got his check and when the train came steaming in he first made sure the trunk was put on, and then he got on board, and off they went.

John enjoyed the ride. Twice only had he been on the cars before, and never alone, so there was the charm of novelty about it.

At D—— Station, in a yard just behind the depot, were kept some deer, a fox, a raven and other animals.

Their fame had reached John's ears, and, as there promised to be a stop of several minutes for breakfast, he left the car and went round to see them; and, for a time, they quite drove his sea-voyage from his mind.

There came a sudden reminder, however, when he heard the puff, puff, of the engine and the rumbling of the cars.

Then he started and ran round to the front of the depot, only to see the train moving off—without him!

John felt badly, and did not know what to do.

"Well, now, I was a fool!" he thought, as he looked after the vanishing train.

He asked a man, standing near, when the next train went to Portland.

"Not till afternoon," was answered.

This was a blow to John. Added to his desire to reach the city was not a little anxiety as to Fred's condition in the trunk.

What a long four hours he had to wait! Time had never dragged so before!

At last the longed-for train came, and John reached Portland in safety.

The next thing was to find his trunk. He went up to a man standing near some baggage, and asked him how to get trunks.

"Where's yer check?" asked the man.

John showed it.

The man looked among the trunks.

"There ain't no trunk like that here," he said.

John stood a minute, dismayed.

"There must be one somewhere," he said, not a little anxious. "Is there another place to find trunks?"

"Not's I know of," said the man. "Did yer trunk come along with you?"

"I've just come," said John; "but my trunk came this morning."

The man looked again.

"Wal, the trunk ain't here, that's sure," he said.

Poor John! What was to be done? One thing was certain—he must find the trunk. He was sure it was put on board. Where was it now, and where was Fred?

"Can you tell me what to do to find it?" asked John, very earnestly and anxiously.

"Lor', boy, I'll help you all I can," said the man, good-naturedly. "Did you say yer trunk come on the early train? Did you see it put on?"

"Yes, sir," said John; "I saw it put on that train myself."

"Well, well," said the man consolingly. "You wait here a minute and I'll see if I can find out anything about it. I guess it's all right."

John's frame of mind was anything but an enviable one as he stood awaiting the man's return. A few minutes later he came back, and Conductor P—— with him.

"You are John Sheldon, are you?" asked the conductor.

"Yes, sir," answered John, a little surprised.

"You've lost a trunk, have you, my boy?"

"Yes, sir. Can you tell me where to find it?" the latter questioned, eagerly.

"Did your trunk contain anything very valuable?"

"Very!" said John; "and I must find it," looking anxiously around at the trunks.

"Any objection to telling me what your trunk contained?" asked the conductor.

John hesitated. Yes, he had decided objections. He half-wished himself out of this scrape.

"There was a boy shut up in that trunk, was there?" questioned the conductor, narrowly watching John, who started visibly. "Do you think a boy could live till this time shut up like that?" went on the conductor, in a sterner tone.

"I—don't know," said John, with a catch in his voice.

Running away to sea thus far had proved a doubtful pleasure.

"That's a thing you should have thought of before trying such a foolhardy trick as this," said Conductor P——. "If you wanted to go to sea, why didn't you do it like a man, and not sneak off like a thief?"

John stood abashed, terror-stricken, too, at the thought of what might be Fred's fate.

"You want to go to sea, do you?" continued the conductor, ironically.

"I—don't know," said John. "But I want to find the trunk."

"Naturally you do," mercilessly said the conductor. "I should suppose you would, after leaving a boy in a dangerous situation like that!"

"Oh, sir, if you know anything about Fred, please tell me!" with a sharper catch in his voice.

"The best thing you can do is to go home and learn the result of your folly. You may be in time to attend the funeral!"

Poor John! No one to blame but himself! He feared the worst had come, and certainly wished himself at home—more, that he had never left home.

The conductor turned away, saying that he had an engagement of a few minutes, and that John could wait there if he liked till he came back.

Unhappy John he waited; for he didn't know what else to do.

Meantime, let us return to Fred in the trunk.

Fortunately, the trunk was put in right side up, and, for a time, he went quite comfortably. At one of the stations where more trunks were put in, one came crash on top of Fred's. The cover cracked, and Fred shrank down.

"Gracious, that came near smashing me!" he thought. "Hope they won't put in many like that!"

His bones were beginning to ache, and he felt stiff from being cramped in one position so long.

He tried to stretch—in vain; he then tried to turn a little, with a like result.

"Oh, dear!" he groaned; "this is anything but fun."

All this time other trunks were piling up about him, thus lessening his supply of fresh air.

To add to his discomfort, he began to feel sick; his head ached—yes, and he ached all over.

"I'd give ten dollars to be out of this," he thought. "I wish I hadn't come in this sneaking way."

He grew sicker—real seasick. He wondered if he were going to die; he was sure he felt sick enough.

If any of you, readers, were ever seasick you can sympathize with poor Fred and know a little of the misery he was suffering.

At last he could endure it no longer. He heard men in the car, and he cried out:

"Let me out!"

"Hello, there!" exclaimed one of the men. "What's that?"

They stood still a minute, listening.

"Let me out! Oh, let me out!" came in muffled tones to their ears.

"Robbers!" shouted the man, jumping back. "Thieves in here!" and, for a few minutes, there was quite a lively time in the car.

The trunks were pulled out, and guided by a rather stifled howl, Fred's trunk was broken open, and a miserable, haggard, homesick boy was found.

The conductor came along, and Fred, in a bit of shamefaced way, confessed all about the sea-going plan—but only after various questions from the conductor. Even John might have forgiven him for telling, if he had seen what a wretched, homesick boy he was.

"Well," asked the conductor, with a dry smile, "do you want to keep on and go to sea?"

Fred's longing for the sea had cooled. His experience in the trunk had taken the romance all out of a sailor's life for him.

"I'd rather go home than do anything else in the world," said Fred, with more energy than he had before displayed.

Conductor P—— knew the boy's father, and he decided to send Fred home. He had looked through the train for John, thinking to see if his mind had changed; but no boy answering his discription was found, as we, who remember his adventure at D—— Station, know.

But Fred, a sadder and somewhat wiser boy, was left to take the next train home.

Quite late in the evening, there was a rap at the Sheldon door, and a shamefaced, though quite light-hearted, boy was let in.

Running away to sea was never a pleasant subject to the two boys afterward.—*Golden Days.*